

PLATFORM

1st. A humble acknowledgment to the Supreme Being, for His protecting care vouchsafed to our fathers in their successful Revolutionary struggle, and hitherto manifested to us, their descendants, in the preservation of the liberties, the independence, and the union of these States.

2d. The perpetuation of the Federal Union, as the palladium of our civil and religious liberties, and the only sure bulwark of American independence.

3d. Americans must rule America, and to this end native-born citizens should be selected for all State, Federal, and municipal offices or government employment, in preference to all others; nevertheless—

4th. Persons born of American parents residing temporarily abroad, should be entitled to all the rights of native-born citizens; but

5th. No person should be selected for political station, (whether of native or foreign birth,) who recognizes any allegiance or obligation of any description to any foreign prince, potentate or power, or who refuses to recognize the Federal and State constitutions (each within its sphere) as paramount to all other laws, as rules of political action.

6th. The unqualified recognition and maintenance of the reserved rights of the several States, and the cultivation of harmony and fraternal good will, between the citizens of the several States, and this end, non-interference by Congress with questions appertaining solely to the individual States, and non-interference by each State with the affairs of any other State.

7th. The recognition of the right of the native-born and naturalized citizens of the United States, permanently residing in any Territory the right to frame their constitution and laws, and to regulate their domestic and social affairs in their own mode, subject only to the provisions of the Federal Constitution, with the privilege of admission into the Union whenever they have the requisite population for one Representative in Congress: Provided always, that none but those who are citizens of the United States, under the constitution and laws thereof, and who have a fixed residence in any such Territory, ought to participate in the formation of the constitution, or in the enactment of laws for said Territory or State.

8th. An enforcement of the principle that no State or Territory ought to admit others than citizens of the United States to the right of suffrage, or of holding political office.

9th. A change in the laws of naturalization, making a resident of one year, one year, of all not heretofore provided for, a indispensable requisite for citizenship hereafter, and excluding all paupers, and persons convicted of crime, from landing upon our shores; but no interference with the vested rights of foreigners.

10th. Opposition to any union between Church and State; no interference with religious faith, or worship, and no test oaths for office.

11th. Free and thorough investigation into any and all alleged abuses of public functionaries, and a strict economy in public expenditures.

12th. The maintenance and enforcement of all laws constitutionally enacted, until said laws shall be repealed, or shall be declared null and void by competent judicial authority.

13th. A free and open discussion of all political principles embraced in our platform.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

Washington Branch Railroad.

Trains run as follows: From Washington at 6 a. m., connecting at Relay with trains from the West, and at Baltimore with those for Philadelphia and New York.

At 8.50 a. m. for Annapolis, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York.

At 11 a. m. for Annapolis, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York.

Express at 4.30 p. m. at Relay for the West, and for Annapolis, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York.

From Baltimore at 7 a. m. and 4.30 p. m.

From Washington at 4.15 and 9.15 a. m.; and 5.15 p. m.

On Sunday 4.15 a. m. and 5.15 p. m.

Cars and Boats for the South.

For New Orleans via Aquia creek, the boats leave at 6 a. m. and 7 p. m., or on arrival of the Northern cars.

For the South, via the Orange and Alexandria and the Virginia Central railroads, cars leave Alexandria at 7 a. m. and 8 p. m.

Stages from Washington.

H. W. Martin, agent, office Franklin House corner of South and D streets.

For Leonardtown and Charlotte Hall, Md., leave Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 6 a. m.

For Port Tobacco, Md., leave Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 6 a. m.

For Upper Marlboro, Md., leave daily at 6 a. m.

For Rockville, Md., leave daily at 6 a. m.

For Frederick, Md., leave Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 6 a. m.

For Leesburg and Winchester, Va., leave Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 6 a. m.

For Brookville and Mechanicsville, Md., leave Dorsey's hotel, 7th street.

The Mails.

First Northern and Eastern Mail closes at 9 p. m., departing at 5 a. m., next morning, except Sunday, and arrives at 6 a. m.

Second Northern and Eastern Mail closes at 3 p. m., and arrives at 7 p. m., except Sunday.

First Southern Mail closes at 6 p. m., and arrives at 5 a. m.

Second Southern Mail closes at 9 p. m., and arrives at 5 p. m.

Afternoon Mail closes at 2 p. m., and arrives at 5 p. m.

Northern Mail closes at 2 p. m., and arrives at 5 p. m.

For Norfolk and Portsmouth Mail closes at 2 p. m., and arrives at 11 a. m., except Sunday.

Annapolis Mail closes at 3 p. m. and 9 p. m., except Sunday, and arrives at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.

For Port Tobacco Mail closes at 7 p. m., and arrives at 7 p. m.

For Upper Marlboro Mail closes at 6 p. m., and arrives at 7 a. m., and at 6 p. m.

For Leonardtown Mail closes on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 9 p. m., and arrives Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7 p. m.

Coleville Mail closes on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 9 p. m., and arrives on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 9 p. m.

Georgetown Mail closes at 3 p. m. and 9 p. m., and arrives at 7 a. m. and 5 p. m.

Upper Marlboro Mail closes daily, except Sunday, at 9 p. m., and arrives at 5 p. m.

Post Office Hours.

The office is kept open for the delivery of letters and papers from 8 a. m. until 8 o'clock p. m., except on Sunday, when it is open from 8 to 10 a. m., and from 6 to 7 p. m.

Postage on all letters and transient newspapers to places within the United States must be prepaid.

(Signed) JAMES G. BEHRETT, Postmaster.

Telegraph Offices.

House's Printing Telegraph, National Hotel, entrance on Sixth street, one door north of Pennsylvania avenue. To New York via Baltimore, Philadelphia, and intermediate points; connecting at New York with the Eastern line to St. Johns and the Western line to New Orleans.

Magneto Telegraph, National Hotel, corner of 6th street and Pennsylvania Avenue. To New York, connecting as above with the extreme East and West.

Southern Telegraph, National Hotel. To New Orleans via Alexandria, Richmond, Augusta, and Mobile, and intermediate points, including all the seaboard cities.

Eastern Telegraph, Pennsylvania Avenue, between Sixth and Seventh streets, over Gilman's drug store. To Wheeling and intermediate points connecting with all the Western and Northwestern lines.

T. K. GRAY, FASHIONABLE TAILOR, D Street, one door west of National Intelligence Office, Washington, D. C.

JOHN L. SMITH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Eighth Street, near Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.

THE MILLERIAN.

"The Perpetuation of American Freedom is our object; American Rights our motto; and the American Party our cognomen."

VOL. I.

WASHINGTON CITY, AUGUST 8, 1857.

NO. 2.

SURSUM CORDA.

BY CHARLES JAMES CANNON.

Poor, unloping sons of toil,
Thine of a barren soil,
That in tears do sow, again,
Year by year, to reap in pain,
Pinched by hunger and by cold,
Till your hearts in youth are old,
Mourners, who have seen in dust
Crumble every hope and trust.

Sursum Corda.

Ye who have to earth been trod,
And forgotten seem of God;
Nations, in whose life's warm tide
Is the royal purple dyed,
Poland that did strive to be
Manfully, till name was gone;
Ere, that for years has borne
Chains and stripes and bitter scorn.

Sursum Corda.

God will yet reward your toil,
Patient tillers of the soil,
Ye who hunger He will feed;
Heal the wounds that ill bleed;
Strike from lordly brows the crown,
And the tyrant's throne cast down,
Then ye trampled nations! then
Shall ye rise and stand like men.

Sursum Corda.

THE MOTHER AND CHILD,
OR, THE FIRE FLY.

FROM THE GERMAN.

On the evening of a hot and sultry summer day, Maria, a poor widow, sat at the open window of her little chamber, and gazed out upon the neat orchard which surrounded her little cottage. The grass had been mown in the morning, but the heat of the sun and soon dried it. She had already gathered it into heaps, and the sweet smell of the hay now blew into the chamber as if to refresh and strengthen her after her labor. The glow of sunset was already fading upon the border of the clear and cloudless sky, and the moon shone calm and bright into the little chamber, shadowing the square panes of the half open window, together with the grape vines which adorned it, upon the nicely paneled floor. Little Ferdinand, a boy of six years of age, stood leaning against the window frame, his blooming face and yellow locks, with a portion of his white clean shirt sleeves and scarlet shirt was distinctly visible in the moonlight.

The poor woman was sitting thus to rest herself, perhaps. But oppressive as had been the labor of the sultry day, yet a heavier burden weighed upon her bosom, and rendered her forgetful of her weariness. She had eaten but a spoonful or two of her supper, which consisted of bread and milk. Little Ferdinand was, also greatly disturbed, but did not speak, because he saw that his mother was so sorrowful, having observed that his mother, instead of eating, wept bitterly, he had laid aside his spoon, and the earthen dish stood upon the table almost as full as when served up.

Maria was left a widow in the early part of the previous spring. Her deceased husband, one of the wealthiest men in the village, had, by industry and economy, saved a sum of money, sufficient to purchase the little cottage, with its neat meadow, though not entirely free from incumbrance. The industrious man had planted the green and cheerful field with young trees which already bore the finest fruit. He had chosen Maria for his wife, although she was a poor orphan, and her parents had been able to give her nothing more than a good education; he had chosen her because she was known as the most pious, industrious and well behaved maiden in the village. They had lived happily together. But the typhus fever broke out in the country, and her husband died. Having nursed him with the greatest tenderness, she herself was attacked with it, after his death, and barely escaped with life.

Her husband's sickness and her own had thrown them much behind hand; but now she must even part with her little cottage. Her deceased husband had long labored for the richest peasant in the country, a man by the name of Meyer. The peasant, who highly esteemed him on account of his fidelity and industry, had lent him three hundred crowns to purchase this cottage, with the ground belonging to it, upon the condition that he would pay off fifty crowns yearly, twenty-five in money and twenty-five in labor. Until the year that he was taken sick, her husband had faithfully performed his agreement, and the debt was amounted to but fifty crowns. Maria knew all this very well.

Meyer now died with the same disease. The heirs, a son and daughter-in-law, found the note for three hundred crowns among the papers of the deceased. They did not know a word about it to them, as the old man had never spoken of it to them. The terrified woman, assured them, calling Heaven to witness, that her deceased husband had paid off the whole except fifty crowns. But all of this was of no avail. The young peasant called her a shameless liar, and summoned her before a court of law. As she could not prove that anything had been said, it was decided that the whole claim against her was valid. The heirs insisted upon payment, and as poor Maria had nothing but her cottage and grounds, this little property must now be sold. She had fallen upon her knees before the heirs, and had prayed them not to turn her out of doors; little Ferdinand wept with her—both wept, but all in vain. The following morning was appointed for the sale. She had heard this an hour before, just as she had finished her day's work. A neighbor had called out over the hedge and told it to her.

It was for this reason that she now sat so sorrowful by the open window, gazing now upward to the clear sky, now upon Ferdinand, and then gazing steadily upon the floor. There was a sad silence.

"Alas!" she said to herself, "I have to-day taken the hay from the orchard for the last time. The early yellow plums which I picked this morning for Ferdinand, are the last fruit which the poor boy will eat from the tree which his father planted for him. Yes, this may be the last night we may spend beneath the roof. By this time to-morrow, this cottage will be another's property, and who can say but we shall be turned out at once. Heaven alone knows where we shall find a shelter to-morrow. Perhaps under the open heaven!" She began to sob violently.

Little Ferdinand, who until now had not moved, came forward, and weeping, said—
"Mother, do not cry so bitterly, or else I cannot talk to you. Do you not know what father said, as he died on that bed? 'Do not weep so, he said. 'God is a father to the poor widow and orphan, and will help him in his distress and he will aid thee.' This is what he said, and it is not true then?"

"Yes my dear child," said the mother, "it is true."
"Well," said the boy, "why do you weep so long then? Pray to God and he will help you."
"Good child, thou art right!" said his mother, and her tears flowed less bitterly, and comfort was mingled with her sorrow. She folded her arms, and raised her moist eye towards Heaven; and Ferdinand folded his hands also, and looked upward, and the bright moon shone upon mother and child.

And the mother began to pray, and the boy repeated every word after her.
"Great Father in Heaven," she said, "look down upon a poor mother and her child—a poor widow and a poor orphan raise their eyes to thee. We are in great need, and have no longer any refuge upon the earth. But thou art rich in mercy. Thou hast thyself said, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee.' Oh, to thee we pray. Trust us not forth from this dwelling—take not from a poor orphan, his only little inheritance. Or, if in thy mysterious but still most wise and benevolent purposes, thou hast otherwise decreed, prepare for us a resting place upon the wide, vast earth. Oh, pour thy consolation into our hearts, lest thy break as we wander forth, and from yonder hill turn to look for the last time upon our house!"

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Sobs interrupted her; weeping, she gazed towards Heaven, and was silent. The boy, who yet stood with folded hands, suddenly exclaimed with outstretched arms—
"Mother, look! what is that? Yonder moves a light. Yonder dies a little star. Look, there it hurries by the window!—Oh, see, now it comes in! How bright, how beautiful it shines! Look, only look! It has a greenish light. It is almost as beautiful as the evening star. Now it moves along the ceiling. That is wonderful!"

"It is a fire fly, dear Ferdinand," said his mother. "In the dark time it is a small, insignificant insect, but in the night it gives out a most beautiful light."

"May I catch it?" said the boy. "Will it not hurt me, and will not the light burn me?"
"It will not burn thee," said the mother, and she laughed, while the tears streamed down her cheeks.

"Catch it and examine it closely, it is one of the wonders of God's almighty power."
The boy, entirely forgetful of his sorrow, at once tried to catch the sparkling fire fly, now on the floor, now under the table, now under the chair.

"Oh, me, what a pity!" said the boy, for as he stretched out his hand to catch the bright insect, it flew behind the great chest that stood against the wall. He looked under the chest.

"I see it plainly enough," he said; there it is close against the wall; and the white wall and the floor, and every bit of dust near it shines as if the moon shone upon it; but I cannot reach it; my arm is not long enough."

"Have patience," said the mother, "it will soon come out again."

The boy waited a little while, and then came to his mother and said, with a soft imploring voice—
"Mother, do you get it out for me or move the chest a little from the wall, and I can easily catch it."

The mother rose, moved the chest from the wall, and the boy took the quiet fire fly, examined it in the hollow of his little hand and was delighted with it.

But his mother's attention was attracted by a different object. As she moved the chest, something which had stuck between it and the wall fell upon the floor. She uttered a loud cry as she picked it up.

"Ah," she exclaimed, "now all our trouble is over: That is last year's account book, which I have so long looked for in vain. I thought it had been destroyed as of no value, by strangers perhaps, while I lay senseless during my illness! Now it can be shown that thy father paid the money that they demand of us. Who would have thought that the account book stuck behind the great chest which we took with the cottage, and which has not been moved since we bought it?"

She at once lighted a lamp, and turned over the leaves of the account, while tears of joy sparkled in her eyes. Everything was correctly put down—the sum which her deceased husband owed of three hundred crowns at the beginning of the year, and what he had paid in money and work. Below stood the following lines, written in old Meyer's own hand:

"I have settled accounts with James Bloom to-day, (St. Martin's day), and he now owes me fifty crowns."
The mother struck her hands together with joy, embraced her child, and exclaimed with delight—
"Ferdinand, give thanks to God, for we now need not leave home; now we can remain in our cottage."

"And I was the cause, was I not, mother?" said the little fellow. "If I had not begged you to move the chest, you never would have found the book. It might have laid there a hundred years."

The mother stood for a while in silent astonishment, and then said—
"Oh! my child, it was God's doing. I feel a thrill of awe and reverence when I reflect upon it. Look! as we both prayed and wept, there came the sparkling fire-fly, and pointed out the spot where this book was concealed. Yes, truly! God's hand is in all things however trifling. Nothing comes by chance. Even the hairs of our head are all numbered; not one of them falls to the ground without his knowledge. Remember this for thy life long, and put thy trust in Him especially in time of need. It is easy for him to aid and to save. He does not need to send a shining angel to us. He can send us help by a winged insect!"

The mother could not sleep that night for joy. Soon after the break of day she took her way to the judge, who had come to see the heirs. He came, he acknowledged the writing as genuine, and was much ashamed of having slandered the woman before the court and having called her a liar. The judge declared he owed her some recompense for the shame and great sorrow which he had caused her. The man was not unwilling to make atonement for his injustice.

But when the poor woman had related the whole account of her evening prayer, and the appearance of the fire fly, the judge said—
"That is the finger of God; he has visibly helped you!"

Young Meyer, however, was much moved, and said with tears in his eyes—
"Yes, it is so. God is the father of the widow and the fatherless; and their avenger also. Pardons me for harshness towards you. I release you from the payment of the fifty crowns, and if you are at any time in need, come to me, and I will assist you. I now see clearly that those who trust in God he will never forsake—and that confidence in him is safer dependence than great riches. And if I ever come to want or if my wife should be a widow and my children orphans, may he help us also as he has helped you!"

Trust always in him, and he'll be as upright as this poor widow, and help will not be wanting to you in time of need.

A bright child asked his mother where he should go when he died?
"To Heaven, I trust," said the mother.
"Shall I have anything to eat there?"
"Yes, love, you will be fed with the bread of life."

"Well, I hope they'll put lots of butter on it," concluded the youngster.

Fred, the prince of wags, was passing home rather late, and a little happy; when passing by a dark alley, a large two-footed fellow stepped out, seized him by the collar, and demanded his money.

"Money," said Fred, "money, I have none; but if you will hold on a moment, I will give you my note for thirty days."

A dentist presented a bill for the tenth time to a sick skinkling.

"It strikes me," said the latter, "that this is a pretty round bill."

"Yes, replied the dentist, 'I've sent it round often enough to make it appear so, and I have called now to get it squared.'"

Our "devil" gets off the following practical bit: "Bah, what's become of the hole I saw in your pants the other day?"

(Young America, carefully examining his unmentionables.) "It's worn out, sir."

FLIRTATION.

"The world would hardly be worth living in if it were not for flirtation," exclaimed the gay and thoughtless Isabel Lee, as she laughingly entered her aunt's room.

"I hope you are not serious," she said.
"There's nothing like flirtation!" cried the merry Isabel. "But you look reproachful—angry."
"Oh, I am not angry," replied Mrs. Berford, with a melancholy smile.

"But you are displeased."
"Your words awaken recollections which cause me to feel sad, Isabel; that's all. Sit down here by my side, and you shall hear a story of one of my flirtations, which may change your mind."

Isabel sat down, looking thoughtful, and her aunt continued:
"When I was young, like you, dear child, I was quite as gay and thoughtless as yourself. I was called a coquette, and I shame to confess it, gloried in the name, until the occurrence of the painful event I am about to relate."

"Half a dozen times a year I used to visit C—, and spend a week or two in the pleasant society of that place. There I frequently met a pale, handsome, sensitive young man, named Gilborne, who paid me very flattering attentions, making me the theme of several poetic effusions, and with whose partiality I was very well pleased."

"I was warned by many well-meaning friends against encouraging the addresses of so impulsive a person as Gilborne, who they said, was more serious than I, and who might end by falling deeply in love with me than I expected or desired. I laughed at the idea, and finding the attentions of the young poet still agreeable I continued to receive them until it was too late."

"Too late! How so, aunt?"
"Why, to my astonishment, he one day made a passionate declaration of love and offered me his hand."

"And you did not love him?"
"No, child, I was merely pleased with him—But even then I did not suppose that his love was more than the result of a sudden impulse, which would pass away with my visit to C—. So I respectfully declined his offer, laughed at the idea of marrying at that age, and begged him to dismiss the subject from his mind. On the following day I left C—, and returned home."

"Letters and poetry followed me, breathing the most passionate devotion, and burning with the eloquence of love. They bore no name, but I knew they were from Henry Gilborne; but I was beginning to be very much annoyed. I took counsel with my friends, and resolved to send all future epistles back to him unopened. I returned two letters in this manner, and received no more; but three or four weeks after, I received a newspaper, in which there was a sonnet addressed to me under a fictitious name, and signed with his initials. He had discovered a new mode of reaching me with his passionate effusions; and from that time a sonnet or song, signed 'H. G.', came to me in the C— Gazette nearly every week."

"At this time Mr. Berford was paying me his address. He was of an amiable, unassuming, frank, generous, firm in what he considered right, and a gentleman in his manners. Having learned a lesson from the unhappy termination of my last flirtation, I received Mr. Berford's attentions in a different manner from what I had been accustomed to do, and in a short time we were married."

"The constant place in my heart which I loved Mr. Berford. Gilborne was at the moment quite forgotten, and I was perfectly happy. I had not a thought to disturb the peace of my mind—the calm repose of my heart, which I had so willingly, gladly given away—until, as we were passing from the church, my eyes fell upon a wild, haggard figure, standing near the door."

"Oh, my heart was dreadfully pale, his lips ashy, his eyes gleamed with an unnatural brightness, and he trembled in every limb. I started, uttered a suppressed cry, and shuddering, clung to my husband's arm. A pang went through my heart—a pang of remorse and dread which I shall never forget."

"That's the matter!" Edward asked. I could not resist the first impulse which told me that I was guilty of the deed, and knew why I shuddered, for I had told him something of my unfortunate flirtation."

"Is that Gilborne?" he asked.
"Yes," I murmured.

By this time all eyes were fixed upon the unhappy man. It was not his pale face and wild expression, but his attitude, which was so disconcerting; his long, dark hair fell in disorderly locks about his cheeks, and his garments were covered with the dust of travel. But while all eyes were fixed on him, he was fixed on me alone; and in my alarm and confusion, I felt the blood at first forsake my cheeks, then burn them like fire.

Gilborne fell back as we approached the door, and lay down on his hand on his head, as we passed out. I was glad to lose sight of him, and I ardently hoped that his passion would be cured."

But his image, as he stood there in the doorway, haunted my brain, and it was many hours before I could compose myself.

I was beginning, however, to feel at ease again, in the midst of my wedding guests, when a domestic came to me to say that a person wished to see me in the hall. Thinking it was some invited friend, who had arrived at a late hour, I hastened to the door alone. Imagine my consternation, when I saw the wild figure of Gilborne standing before me."

"How do you do?" he asked, addressing me by my maiden name. "Won't you shake hands with me?"

I gave him my hand.

"You tremble," said he, fixing his wild eyes upon my face. "You are not afraid of me, I hope?"

"Oh, no, I replied in an agitated voice, for his strange manner frightened me, 'why should I be afraid?' Come in."

"No, thank you; you have company, I see, and I make one guest too many. And I am not dressed for a party," said he, glancing at his disordered attire. "So you will excuse me. Ha, ha! Wouldn't I cut a pretty figure?"

"But I cannot talk to you here," said I. "I have—"
"Oh, I will not detain you a minute. I have—"
"No, I have questions to ask you which I really so absurd, when I think of it, that I cannot help laughing. They told me," he said, in a pleasant and confidential tone, "they told me—ha, ha! the thing—they told me that you were married!" and he burst into a wild laugh.

"I know better," he continued, "but they say it is so, and to satisfy them, I determined to come and ask you for I suppose you ought to know, if anybody. You are married—had I not? I had such a queer dream; I thought I was standing in the church door, and saw you coming out with your husband, and you would not speak to me. Wasn't it queer? And I knew all the time you would never marry anybody but me. And we are not married yet, are we? But who is here to-night? I never saw you dressed so beautiful before! Ah, he added, striking his forehead, "I dreamed you were dressed so at your wedding."

The wretched man went on, sometimes laughing and sometimes shedding tears. I knew he was insane; I tried to stop him, but I was too much frightened to speak. In my agitation I took hold of the bell wire and rang. A domestic came, and I sent her for Mr. Berford.

"Berford! who is he?" cried Gilborne, grasping my arm. "They told me that was the name of your husband! Say—you are—you are not married, are you?"

"Yes, Mr. Gilborne," I replied, trembling so that I could hardly speak. I am married, and here is my husband."

"To my great relief, I saw Mr. Berford advance into the hall. Gilborne started back, and fixed his eyes upon my husband with a wild and fierce expression, which caused me to fear for him."

But Edward was undaunted. Returning Gilborne's gaze with a firm, steady, commanding look, he advanced towards him and demanded what he wanted.

The dangerous spirit of the insane man was completely subdued. He hung his head and burst into tears.

"Nothing," he murmured. I want nothing now. I have been dreaming; I will not trouble you again. May you be happy."

We turned and staggered out of the door and I heard his unsteady footsteps die away in the distance.

"Poor wretch," muttered Edward, as he kindly took my hand, "he is to be pitied! But you are agitated! I hope," he added, in an anxious tone, "you have nothing to blame yourself for in this matter."

"But, oh, Edward, I feel that I have acted wrongly; although, Heaven knows, I never intended he should love me."

"Well, do not reproach yourself too severely," he replied in a mournful voice. Let us go back to the parlor, and forget what has taken place."

We returned together, and Edward's presence alone sustained me for the rest of the evening. Fear, pity, and remorse made my heart faint, and my cheek pale, and I was wretched.

"I think I understand your feelings," said Isabel, who listened with deep interest. "I know how I should have felt under a conviction that any thoughtlessness of mine had ruined a fellow being's happiness—perhaps shattered his intellect! But you heard from Gilborne again?"

"Listen! He disappeared. For more than a year he was absent, and nobody knew what had become of him. At length there came reports to C—, of a thin, haggard youth, who wandered about the country begging for his bread from door to door, giving, in return for charity, the touching songs which he sang in a soft, melancholy voice, and the musical tones of an accordion he carried with him, and which he played with peculiar and feeling skill. Everybody treated him kindly, for although he was evidently of an insane mind, there was a mildness, a melancholy enthusiasm, about him which won all hearts. Search was made for him. His friends were not mistaken in their suspicions. He was the wandering Gilborne!"